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SAMARIA AND HER PEOPLE;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF

The World's Battle;" "The Life of Washington;" "History of the Great Rebellion;" "The Kimeliad," a poem in three cantos; "The Shepherd of the Wissahickon," a poem in three cantos; "Kilpatrick and our Cavalry;" "The Centennial," a poem; "The Triumph of Truth;" "The City of God;" "Our Redeemer's Kingdom;" "The Mansions in Heaven;" "Saint Paul;" "The Star in the East;" "Happiness;" "Divine Attributes;" "Divine Providence;" "Redeeming the Time;" "The Dream of Life;" "What is Man?" "The Necklace;" "Willard Glazier, the Cavalier;" "The Children of Pride;" "Redemption;" "The Rival Queens;" "Derry Delivered;" "The First Crusade;" "Maria Foster;" "Siege of Richmond;" "Rosamond," &c.

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JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

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SAMARIA AND HER PEOPLE.

ALL knowledge that illustrates holy writ
Is for good people all exceeding fit,
And little papers even passed around,
Do oft contain of information ground.
The much in little with ideas fraught,
Distinct and clear by which a change is wrought
In docile minds who diligent reflect,
And lay in stores of honey thus direct,
As little bees imbibe it from the flower,
Sweet in itself and proving wealthy dower.
By reading in our day we knowledge gain,
But reading with most people is but vain.
Some buy a costly book whose binding fine
Will from the walnut case in beauty shine,
But care no more the volume fair to read,
From all desire of knowledge entire freed.
Or, if the book is large, the leaves turn o'er,
The pictures look at, and inquire no more;
Desultory their method, few the pains,
Thus seldom more than barren are their gains.
The merchant and the man engaged in trade,
The papers with the news will business aid,
And all to know what's doing round about,
Must scan the papers daily to find out.
But this and all the knowledge-thirst won't quench
The truly thirsty still the soul must drench.
If you a little time to me will lend,
'Twill not be lost, nor will you it misspend;
The subject-matter you will find instruct,
And from your reasoning powers you may deduct

Conclusions that may serve another day,
 To help your virtuous toil in life's brief way.
 But keep in mind, an outline but I draw,
 And poem yields not to historic law,
 The one from fact to fact in order goes,
 The other as is meet begins, will close.

Of three divisions of the Holy Land,
 One was Samaria of scenery grand;
 Along the north lay hilly Galilee,
 And on the west the Mediterranean Sea;
 Judea southward and Jerusalem lay,
 And on the east the Jordan's stream its way
 Through varying scenes its onward path pursued,
 Till the Dead Sea received its copious flood.
 Samaria bounded thus, each vale and hill
 Luxuriant verdure ever crowned, and still,
 With scenes of wood and water to the eye
 Presented many a charming view; on high
 The mountains, hills, and every rising ground,
 Clad in green mantle charmèd all around;
 While varied flocks upon the verdure fed,
 Through all the smiling vales to pasture led,
 And fertile fields were of rich crops the bed.
 What time from David's house ten tribes secede,
 And from the righteous path 'gan to recede,
 Idolatry and wickedness prevailed,
 And all good men the evil times bewailed;
 Yet, though the general course was only evil,
 Mercy divine, that yields not to the devil,
 Sent prophets warning oft with many a sign,
 That marked their messages as true divine,
 And but for deep depravity, had led
 Their erring steps to the right path they fled,
 But nothing could prevail to bring them back;
 With guilty haste they followed ruin's track.

Worse than the Canaanite, more wicked they,
 Till captive led to distant lands away,
 Proving that God, long-suffering, will cast
 Rebellious sinners from his face at last.

The world was now three thousand years grown old,
 When Omri, Israel's king, as we are told,
 The hill Samaria from Shemer bought,
 Two silver talents gave, the price he sought.
 From Shemer then Samaria was the name
 Acquired by this city known to fame.
 But that in later days (for at the first
 'Twas small, and scanty population nurst),
 Benhadad, Syria's king, built in it streets,
 Or trade bazaars, where buyer seller meets.
 His son besieged the king of Israel here,
 But this famed siege cost Syria very dear.
 Ahab, the king of Israel, took a wife
 Who urged him on to sin through all his life.
 The king of Zidon's daughter was the maid,
 Who slew the prophets of the Lord and made
 A general havoc; drove the wicked king
 Destruction on the royal house to bring;
 While drought consumed the land, and every crop
 Was blighted; man and beast had lost all hope.
 Then good Elijah, who for long had fled,
 Returned to Ahab, who had wished him dead.
 This holy man on Carmel's mount convened
 Baal's four hundred prophets, nor were screened
 The prophets of the groves, as many more,
 Who, brought to test their powers, set up a roar,
 Invoking their false god from morn till noon,
 Cutting themselves until the blood flowed down,
 Invoking Baal to their efforts crown,
 And manifest his godship's ample power
 By fire, which would the sacrifice devour.

But all in vain ; Elijah them did mock,
 Raised them God's altar and a bullock took,
 Divided then and on the altar laid,
 And poured on water, calling God to aid,
 Who answered promptly to the prophet's call,
 And fire came down, consumed the offering all.
 The prophets false collected there he slew,
 By which the wrath of Jezebel he drew,
 Who swore before long time to slay him too.
 But God his servant wondrously preserved,
 Seven thousand men unto himself reserved,
 Who bowed not down to Baal, nor did kiss
 The ugly idol. What a sin were this !
 Elijah fled, and, in depression, prayed
 His time of weary life be not delayed.
 But God had other work for him to do,
 And sent the sable ravens to his view,
 Who fed him there and on his journey sent ;
 Strengthened by the food then forth he went.
 At Horeb, mount of God, within a cave,
 Lamenting, was commanded this to leave,
 And on the mount before the Lord to stand,
 When mighty wonders then were near at hand.
 The presence of the Lord passed by, and then rose
 A mighty wind and strong, and, as it blows,
 The rugged mountains quaked in sunder rent,
 And massy rocks before its force was spent ;
 An earthquake heaving ensued ; all things share
 The mighty shock, but the Lord he was not there,
 Nor in the wind nor the devouring fire,
 Which followed instant. What will he desire ?
 For now a still small voice falls on Elijah's ear ;
 Folding his mantle round, attends to hear ;
 And at the cavern's mouth then, drawing near,
 A voice inquires, " What does Elijah here ?"
 Expresses then his zeal and Israel's sin,
 And God discloses how his side must win.

The thing displeased the Lord that Syria's king
 Was sent away by Ahab, when 'twould bring
 Deliverance to Israel to retain
 In durance this proud, cruel monarch vain.
 Hence said his life and Israel's should stand
 For one instead given in destruction's hand ;
 And Ahab, sore displeased, with heavy heart,
 Went to his house with sad and painful smart.

Naboth of Jezreel owned a vineyard fair
 Which Ahab wished to own, and 'twas his care
 To offer goodly price, or, better far,
 Another for it by exchange ; the bar
 To this was Naboth's flat refusal to convey
 Th' inheritance his sires possessed away.
 The king was wroth, nor tasted pleasant bread ;
 Upon uneasy pillow leant his head ;
 His face in sorrow then he turned away,
 Till Jezebel come to him thus did say :
 " Why art thou sad and eatest not thy food ?"
 He told her clearly then how matters stood.
 " Art thou not Israel's king ?" she then replied.
 " Rise, cheer thee, eat, thou shalt not be denied,
 For I the vineyard soon to thee will give ;"
 And letters writes then ; Naboth ceased to live.
 And when 'twas found indeed the man was dead,
 The twain went promptly to possess instead,
 So shrewdly had the wicked plot been laid.
 Elijah met the king upon his way,
 And from the Lord these words to him did say,
 " Hast thou killed Naboth and possession ta'en ?
 Where dogs licked up his blood e'en so again
 Shall they lick thine and thy posterity,
 Both root and branch entire extinct shall be
 Those after thee, destroyed shall be, undone,
 As Nebat's, or Ahijah's wicked son.

Thy children 'neath impending doom shall fall,
 And undistinguished ruin cover all.
 And Jezebel the wicked, too, shall fall,
 And dogs shall eat her near by Jezreel's wall."
 These dire denunciatiions when he heard,
 The wicked king, to evil sold, so feared,
 That instant were his clothes asunder rent,
 And sackcloth clothed him, and 'gan to relent,
 The vengeance of the Lord in mercy's way
 Proclaimed the evil would o'erpass his day.

At Ramoth-Gilead wicked Ahab rode,
 His chariot proud, and to an arrow owed
 His lingering death by venturous archer wight,
 Who shot him through the joints of armor bright.
 When dead, they to Samaria conveyed
 The body for interment, there it laid,
 And as the chariot and his armor full
 Of clotted blood, they washed them in the pool,
 While dogs from every part, on rushing thick,
 With tongues well sated, up the blood did lick.

When good Elijah by a whirlwind rose,
 And chariot and steeds of fire, and goes
 Ascending still in his, Elisha's, sight ;
 Through ardent faith in heavenly glory bright,
 Upon his friend the loosening mantle fell,
 And seemed so made as if it fitted well.
 Folded the Jordan's swelling stream it cleft,
 And much of the Great Master's spirit left,
 Showed that Elisha in his footsteps trod,
 And emulous of the great man of God
 Wrought wonders too in Israel in his day,
 Before their sins them captives led away.

Jehoram, Ahab's son, and Judah's king
 Against the Moabite their forces bring,

The lambs and rams the tribute was not paid,
 And Edom joined his forces to invade.
 But thirst, fatigue the numerous host consume,
 And all the forces wait an early doom.
 But God soon by Elisha comfort brings,
 And safety to the confederated kings,
 The rushing waters all the trenches fill,
 The thirsty troops and cattle drink at will,
 While Moab's hosts see far the waters gleam
 As blood to all their eyes the waters seem,
 They think the kings by mutual wounds were slain,
 And "Moab to the spoils!" they cry in vain,
 Th' allies attack them, and pursue, and slay,
 And baleful ruin meets the foe that day.

When Naaman the Syrian captain found
 Elisha's mighty fame the country round
 Had all pervaded, he prepares to go,
 The wonders of his healing powers to know.
 But told the method simple of the cure,
 Its very easiness could not endure,
 To dip in Jordan seven times not inclined,
 And showed his anger as he showed his mind,
 "Does not Damascus with its streams so fair,
 Abana, Pharphar in blest scenes so rare,
 Afford a better bath to purge away
 The loathsome disease of my leprosy?
 Could not the prophet to relieve my doubt
 A minutes few forth from his house come out,
 And standing, on the Lord his God to call,
 And pass his hand and heal the leper all?
 Such doctor may his own prescription take,
 For I will not. I am too wide awake."
 His faithful servants logic's power invoke,
 Refute his arguments, and by a stroke
 Undid the wrathful impulse of his mind,
 He washed, was healed, and with a skin refined,

And pure as that we see in little child,
 Thanked the good prophet then in accents mild,
 Besought him to receive a liberal fee,
 But this physician declined gracefully.
 Not so Gehazi, who his master saw
 From recompense and fee, reward, withdraw,
 He followed and a present then received,
 But little gained, the prophet who deceived,
 Whiter than snow a leper he became,
 And this disease clave to his house and name.

Famine prevailed, Samaria suffered sore,
 Elisha prophesied 'twould soon be o'er,
 And wondrously the dear provisions fell,
 In way no human conjecture could tell.
 The story of the faithful Shunamite
 Is theme which may some careful thought invite.
 Her son deceased, Elisha brought to life,
 And cheered the heart of his excellent wife,
 Whose lands the famine o'er the king restored,
 When present with her son she proved Gehazi's word.

The time was come as prophesy foretold,
 The house of him who was to evil sold,
 Should perish all and not a trace remain.
 Hence Jehu instrument they all were slain,
 King Joram first with arrow swift he slew,
 And Ahab's seventy sons in order due,
 Slain by the great men who had them in ward,
 The vengeance seems to human nature hard,
 As that the king of Judah too should die,
 Who went to see his friend who sick did lie,
 And the young princes who, upon his way,
 Encountered him, and met the fated day.
 The prophets, who to Baal in sacrifice
 Their offerings made, he slew by a surprise.
 His treacherous dealing we can not commend,
 However worthy they were of their end.

The principle to-day won't bear the test,
 But it was from the Lord, whose ways are best,
 And instruments may to his purpose use,
 When our assent we may not then refuse.
 But Jehu to calf worship was quite prone ;
 He might have left this foolishness alone.
 His family, after the fourth generation
 Cut off, quite vanished from Israel's nation,
 So sure it is the wrath divine will rage
 'Gainst all ungodliness in every age.
 Nor can we see more clearly how God deals
 With man, though oft his purpose he conceals,
 Than study of the Chronicles and Kings,
 Where are displayed reward that vice or virtue brings.

The kings of Israel were a wicked race ;
 Transgression grew, and sins with rapid pace,
 Till Shalmanezzer, the Assyrian king,
 'Gainst treacherous Hoshea did his forces bring ;
 Besieged Samaria ; after three years' toil
 He took the city and the precious spoil,
 The people captive to Assyria led ;
 Their national existence was forever fled.
 In Halah, Habor this, by Gozan river,
 And in the Median cities, they deliver
 The captives to oppression and to pine,
 Because they left their fathers' God divine.
 All sin-consuming anger them pursued,
 And poured o'er all the land an angry flood,
 Poured forth in vengeance by offended God.
 The chosen people first division knew
 When Jeroboam ten tribes from David drew,
 Or David's house, when foolish Rehoboam
 From counsel sage of ancients wide did roam.
 Now Cuthah, Ava, Hamath, and who dwell
 In Sepharvaim, rush forth to people well

The fertile lands around Samaria's walls,
 But vengeance on them first most heavy falls
 When lions came and many of them slew.
 Astonished at calamity so new,
 The people thought that ignorance was the cause
 Of the land's gods, their usages and laws.
 A priest was called for, and he taught them soon
 How they should fear the Lord ; this being done,
 The different nations served their gods the same ;
 Many the appellations, for each name
 For its own god some excellence did claim.
 The idols thus through all the land prevailed,
 The worship true expelled, for Israel failed
 To serve the Lord, and captive sore bewailed.
 Wild beasts no more the trembling people slew,
 And the true worship they in part renew,
 But some of the old leaven still remained,
 And idol worship partly was retained ;
 Which as some say on Mount Gerizim move,
 Their worship there the image of a dove.
 Five books of Moses called the Pentateuch,
 Were all the scriptures that the priest there took ;
 In old Phœnician characters inscribed,
 To which antiquity and purity ascribed
 By some few modern critics who prefer
 This version to the one preserved with care.
 I have not learning quite this to reveal,
 But you might ask the Revd. Doctor Steele,
 That there is no slight difference I know,
 Especially in dates—but don't tell I said so.

When from captivity the Jews returned,
 Who had for seventy years as captives mourned ;
 And built again their temple's city fair,
 Though in a style less costly far and rare ;
 This gave occasion to another change,
 In the Samaritan religion strange.

For the high priest, Jehoiada by name,
 Possessed a son in whom an amorous flame,
 Led on in matrimony to unite,
 With Sanaballat's child the Horonite.
 Such marriages the law of God forbade,
 Manasseh fled and in Samaria stayed.
 For though the event was cause of no small strife,
 He would not as some others leave his wife,
 Whose father in Samaria held sway
 As Governor ; other priests fled away
 For the same cause as Nehemiah strict,
 As was but just, all marriages betwixt
 The Jews and other nations did restrict.

And now a high priest having thus obtained,
 With other priests from Aaron, this was gained ;
 Which all must think advantageous to be,
 They hated as the Jews idolatry.
 The books of Moses five were all they read,
 With more 'twas thought Jerusalem instead,
 Would place of worship be to sacrifice,
 This that was of Manasses the device.
 Henceforth it was that from that period grew
 Coincidence in worship with the Jew,
 Though the Samaritan's was still less true.
 And when great Alexander gave them leave,
 These people on Gerizim soon achieve
 A temple like Jerusalem's and there
 They used the Jewish forms of worship, prayer ;
 'Twas of this mount and temple Christ heard tell,
 Conversing with the woman at the well ;
 As all may read, and should, e'en every one,
 In the fourth chapter Gospel of Saint John,
 In which true worship's nature clearly shown,
 Reveals that God accepts the spiritual alone.

Through Samaria on his way
 To Galilee there passed one day

That Great Prophet, who of late,
 Taught with authority so great,
 Proving that to man was given
 The Son of God sent down from heaven.
 In his wisdom he would see
 Again the land of Galilee.
 On his journey it befell
 Wearied he sat beside a well ;
 One of no small interest, too,
 In whatever way we view,
 For the patriarch Jacob there,
 Often did to it repair.
 Of it drank his children, too,
 And for his cattle often drew.
 Sychar they the place did call,
 A kind of village rather small.
 By it lay that portion lot
 Which Joseph from his father got.
 The sixth hour, which we call three,
 By the clock as all agree,
 Had arrived or thereabout,
 Coming from the city out,
 With her water-pot to draw,
 When the blessed Saviour saw
 Her approach to the well's brink,
 To her said, "Give me to drink."
 Him the woman made reply,
 "I would know, and tell me why,
 How it is thou ask'st from me,
 That to drink I should give thee,
 Thou who art, indeed a Jew,
 Of Samaria, I ; for true
 Is the fact 'twixt Judah's race
 And Samaritans take place
 Dealings none." Answered then
 The Redeemer of all men :
 "If thou knewest the gift of God,
 Who it is hath by thee stood,

Saying on the very brink
 Of the well, 'Give me to drink,'
 Thou wouldst have requested him,
 With an earnestness extreme,
 And to thee, Samaria's daughter,
 He would have given living water."
 "Sir!" the woman 'gan him tell,
 Thou'st no bucket, and the well,
 As thou seest, is quite deep,
 Whence dost thou living water keep?
 Our father Jacob to us gave
 The well in property to have.
 Oft his thirst has sated here,
 Often, too, his children dear,
 With his cattle; can it be
 Thou art greater e'en than he?"
 "Drinking of this water he
 Shall be thirsty presently,"
 Was the Saviour's mild reply;
 "But he who drinks the water, I
 To him freely shall impart,
 From him shall all thirst depart,
 And that water in him be
 Life's well everlastingly."
 This advantage seemed quite clear,
 Labor saved throughout the year;
 Hence she asked of him to have
 That water which they who receive
 Thirst not again, that she no more
 Might thirst or draw as still before.
 "Call here thy husband," Jesus said,
 "And hither come;" she answerèd,
 "No husband have I!" "That is true,
 Thou say'st no husband is to you;
 Thou hast of husbands five possessed,
 Him thou now hast, unlike the rest

Is not thy husband." "Then," said she,
 "By what thou tellest unto me,
 Prophet thou art as now I see ;
 Our fathers worshiped in this mount,
 Jerusalem's the place ye count."
 "Woman, believe me," Jesus said,
 "The hour may not be reckonèd,
 In distant time, when neither here
 Shall the Father be adored or there,
 What ye know not, that ye adore.
 We worship what we know, and more
 Peculiar to the Jewish nation,
 Is the blessed heritage salvation.
 But the time comes, e'en now is due,
 When earnest worshipers and true,
 The Father shall in truth adore.
 And spirit too, nor less nor more,
 Acceptable worship seeks,
 His true adorers thus bespeaks ;
 For he a spirit is, and they
 Who God adore religiously,
 Must him in truth and spirit serve,
 And adoration true observe."
 "I know," she said, "when Christ arrives
 He'll all impart that wisdom gives."
 To her replied the Saviour meek,
 "I am he who to thee speak."
 The disciples to their master came,
 And marvel he talked with the dame,
 But held their peace and questioned not,
 Nor any information sought.
 The woman left her water-pot,
 Returning then the city sought,
 And there arriving, began then
 Speak of the stranger to the men,
 And said: "Come see a man who told
 All things I ever did. Behold !

Is not the same the expected one,
 The Christ who rescues souls undone?"

Many Samaritans believed,
 When they this witness had received,
 And when they were unto him come,
 Besought him he would make his home
 With them: And there the Saviour stays
 Abiding with them for two days,
 And told the woman her narration
 Was first of their belief occasion,
 "But now ourselves have seen and know,
 What we can testify also,
 The Saviour of the world is he
 Th' Anointed for man's misery."
 Oh! how their hearts must have o'erflowed
 Beholding there their Saviour God!

Reader! I must here conclude,
 Protracting much is little good,
 But I might mention that brave man
 Known as the Good Samaritan.

One, robbed and beaten, each pore bleeding,
 And left for dead, passed all unheeding
 The priest and Levite hard in heart,
 Who felt for wretchedness no smart.

Too many such e'en in our day,
 Who pass the poor in the same way.
 Not so this good Samaritan
 Whose heart was touched and instant ran
 Unto the helpless wounded man,
 With surgeon's care the wounds he binds,
 And on his beast a seat he finds,
 Takes to the inn and pays the host,
 Promises any further cost,
 And acted well the neighbor's part,
 With great generosity of heart.

Of Philip's preaching I might tell,
 And Simon Magus, too, as well,
 But they too much the page would swell.
 Ere we Samaria bid farewell,
 Two things there are which one may see,
 Without observing minutely :
 The deep depravity of man,
 Who mostly on an ill course ran,
 If any wicked Jeroboam,
 Has taught him from the Lord to roam.
 Again the grace of God we see,
 Sufficient is for you and me,
 For while the Saviour visit paid,
 And with Samaritans but stayed
 Two days at their request, with us,
 If for his sake we count all loss,
 And bear his consecrated cross,
 Two weeks he'll stay, two months, two years,
 Yea! it in holy writ appears,
 That he will stay all our life long,
 Our joy, our glory, and our song,
 Our way to cheer, our souls sustain,
 Give anodyne for every pain,
 And better than the fiery car
 That bore Elijah he afar
 Will bear in arms of love beyond each shining star.

HOLINESS.

WHAT mortal man can stand before the face
 Of his great Maker? Can he take his place
 Right in the front of the resplendent throne
 Sufficient in his righteousness alone?
 Dares he to lift to that All-seeing Eye
 His countenance and, heaven's host standing by,
 Await God's answer with a steady gaze,
 And clothed in innocence, without amaze,
 Behold the glories that on him attend,
 All-perfect, infinite, who knows no end,
 As no beginning, self-existent still,
 And ruling all things by his potent will?
 When angels and the highest cherubim,
 In his pure presence, on beholding him,
 Their faces shroud and cover with their wings,
 Pondering the depths of immaterial things,
 And that pure essence of the Deity
 Which can by none full comprehended be.
 On greatest potentate the eye may rest,
 The mind serene, the soul still undistressed,
 But who of women born can contemplate
 And look on God in nature perfect, great,
 Beyond all thought, conjecture, fancy's flight,
 With apprehension none of perishing outright?

Can man, so feeble, a frail child of dust,
 The creature of an hour, his vision trust,
 And dare with eagle eye each wondrous plan
 To scrutinize of God as 'twere of man!
 No, in the dust he must all prostrate fall,
 Adoring him who made and sustains all,
 Forsaking confidence in humbled shame,
 Abase himself before the holy name,

Of him who was, and is, shall ever be
 Immutable to all eternity !
 The smile of God all happiness contains,
 His wrath the source of death and endless pains,
 And when to judgment he a soul shall call,
 Who can before him stand and answer all !
 None ! for transgression having entered in,
 Man wholly is defiled and foul with sin.
 There's no exception to the general law,
 Which on his head does condemnation draw,
 And this, the mandate coming from on high,
 "The soul that sinneth it shall surely die."

If God exacts and man hath nought to pay,
 What judgment can arrest e'en for a day ?
 Nothing that he can do ; His surely can
 Who paid the debt for lost degenerate man,
 And if the law of God the inward parts,
 Requires all truth and purity in hearts,
 That requisition may not be withstood,
 And carnal hearts must be indeed renewed.
 'Tis easy then true holiness to acquire,
 When it becomes the soul's extreme desire.
 Is God tyrannical ? You answer—"No !"
 With indignation, "indeed it is not so,
 Beneficence in all his works is seen,
 In heaven and earth and circling air betwixt,
 In nature and in grace all free displayed
 For every soul of man provisions made,
 And he his Son belovèd did not spare
 But gave him freely, makes each soul his heir."
 I thank you for the hint, see how it proves
 That God hates not and that he truly loves.
 This makes my theme intricate very plain
 On other principle solution's vain.
 The love of God it is and naught else can
 Regenerate and cleanse the guilty man,

And holiness becomes an easy thing
 If proper cleansing virtue we can bring.
 But as we can not be the same applies,
 And fits the guilty spirit for the skies.
 "You mean repentance?" Yes; of course I do,
 The only way for sinners, me or you,
 What we have not, God gives, we can't attain
 To purity and strength; each effort vain,
 'Tis God that justifies: who shall condemn.
 'Tis God who sanctifies; and unto them
 And to them only, who the holy be,
 He'll grant eternal joys above to see.
 When faith in Christ all possible doth make
 Renewed in him new principle we take,
 Our nature changed by his abundant grace,
 All sin is washed away before his face,
 As children to a father we draw nigh,
 And "Abba Father!" to our God we cry.

THE STATE OF THE DEPARTED.

WHAT man that rises on a certain day
 Perfect in health, and in the morning ray,
 That feels the greatest vigor, highest hope,
 Can tell it is within a mortal's scope,
 To predicate that ere the sun's decline
 He'll live to see next day the sun to shine?
 For even then death's shadow o'er him thrown
 He may depart to land of th' unknown.
 His spirit takes its flight to other sphere,
 His wealth, fame, riches, soon forgotten here,
 As when the bark speeds on, around the keel
 The bubbling water will impression feel;
 But past, subsiding, a mild calm prevails,
 And none would know that ever steam or sails
 Had caused commotion; so oft ends man's life,
 In calm oblivion after his brief strife.
 The marble monument awhile may tell
 That on this day, or that, his change befell.
 The historian's pen, the fervid poet's lay,
 The sculptor, may preserve for many a day
 The memory of his being; but too fast,
 In general oblivion comes at last.
 E'en if he found a college, or a school,
 Or library endows, just as the fool
 E'en so the wise, who passes hence away
 Suffers the age's lapse and some decay,
 While man is mingled with his kindred clay.
 It is the common lot, the debt each pays,
 And little room or need for blame or praise.
 And little will I grieve unknown to fame
 If deep oblivion fall e'en on my name,
 What gain to me when I a while am dead?
 Posthumous fame when here I sweat for bread,

What can the world do for me if not now?
 That it has kindly dealt with me I allow.
 But what to me would epitaph signify
 Since hence departed I had here to die?
 Hence, in myself collected I survey
 The path before me on which borne away,
 The world behind me I shall view no more
 These transient scenes upon this mortal shore.

What is the state then, tell it, ye who can,
 In which exists th' immortal soul of man?
 Where does the word of life make all this clear,
 Or who departing has returnèd here,
 The state, condition of the soul to tell,
 Whether from heavenly bliss or lowest hell?
 It is of faith, my friends, no reason's force
 Or shrewd conjecture ever had resource,
 The mystery to solve and paint the fate,
 Of those who join the disembodied state,
 But, true it is the soul to God returns,
 Happy in bliss, or else in hell it burns.
 But it would need some senses we have not,
 To tell the method of a changeless lot,
 Nor does it matter this we can not know,
 'Twill all be well if we serve God below,
 If not, our portion must be endless woe.
 Th' invisible by mortal eye unseen,
 Is different to what to us has been,
 With other eyes than these shall we behold
 Things unconjectured since the days of old,
 The body dies and the all-conscious soul
 Rushes more swift than courser to the goal.
 In weal or woe eternity's unveiled,
 The state of bliss or pain is clear revealed,
 What rapture bursts upon the astonished sight
 When it beholds the heavenly glory right!

God as he is in essence then is seen,
No veil the glorious Godhead more shall screen,
His angels, saints, crowd palace of the skies,
And the soul drinks the scene with ravished eyes,
Falls prostrate at Christ's feet his love to adore,
And lost in ecstasies is evermore,
In bliss ineffable unknown to change,
Swifter than thought can o'er creation range.
And God revealed of joy his endless source,
Enjoys the saint in all his rapid course.
Active the Spirit ever chiefly praise,
Employs his faculties in endless lays,
While there he sees how God did all things well,
Which here on earth by faith alone can tell.



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